A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud, ſubtill, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefaſt once forth of my companie:
If it be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearſt,
My prayer on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay *Amen* to all.
King. Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnſcarde from bleeding ſlaughter,

I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards* daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall blood.
Qu. To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
King. Her life is onely ſafeſt in her birth.
Qu. And onely in that ſafety died her brothers.
King. Loe at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of deſtiny.
Qu. True, when avoyded grace makes deſtiny,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Ki. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile armes,
As Intend more good to you and yours, (armes,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.
Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouered that can doe me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.
Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
Ki. Then know that from my ſoule I loue thy daughter.
Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her ſoule.
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoule didſt thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I doe thanke thee for it,
Ki. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my ſoule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of *England*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo